

# THE MAGNOLIA: OR, LITERARY TABLET.

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From the Albany Argus.

The following poem, written by one of the young ladies of the Albany Female Academy, obtained the first premium gold medal at the recent annual examination in that institution.

## The Mediterranean.

Hail thou eternal flood, whose restless waves  
Roll onward in their course, as wild and free  
As if the shores they lashed were not the graves  
Of mouldering empires? When I think of thee,  
Thou dost remind me of that ebbless sea—  
The sea of time, whose tide sweeps unconfined,  
Its channel Earth, its shores Eternity;—  
Whose billows roll resistless o'er mankind:  
Like that thou rollest on, nor heed'st the wrecks behind.

Thy shores were empires; but the tide of Time  
Rolled o'er them, and they felt; and here they lie,  
Wrecked in their greatness, mouldering, yet sublime  
And beautiful in their mortality:  
And godlike men were there, the wise and free;  
But what are they who now look o'er thy waves?  
They're but as worms, that feed on their decay,  
They kneel to stranger lords—a land of slaves,  
Of men whose only boast is their ancestral graves.

Upon thy shores the Holy Prophets trod,  
And from their hill-tops came the voice of One  
Whom thou obeyest, even the Eternal God;  
And on thy breast the Star of Bethlehem shone.  
The star, though quenched in blood, hath risen a  
sun,  
And other climes are radiant with its light;  
But thy fair shores, alas! it shines not on,  
Save when some land with its effulgence bright,  
Reflects the heavenly rays upon their moral night.

Philosophy hath decked her form divine  
In all her loveliest draperies, and wrought  
Her brightest dreams by thee, thy shores her shrine,  
Thy sons her oracles, the kings of thought;  
But thy have passed, and save their names, are  
naught,  
And their bright dreams are buried like their clay,  
Or shattered, like the fanes where they were taught  
But though religions, empires, men decay,  
Thou, restless, changeless flood—thou dost not pass  
away!

There Poesy hath woven such fair dreams,  
That man hath deemed them bright reality;  
There she hath peopled hill's and vales and streams  
And thy blue waters with her phantasy;  
And fabled gods left heaven to roam by thee;  
There she embodied passions of the heart  
In such fair forms, that frail mortality  
Failed to conceive, until triumphal Art  
Bade from the Parian stone the immortal image start.

The loftiest bards whose names illumine the past  
Have hung upon thy shores, and thy deep tone  
Ceased at the Lesbian lyres;—but now the last,  
"The pilgrim bard," whose matchless song alone

Had made thy name immortal as his own,—  
A stranger of the north, but "as it were  
A child of thee," his spirit too hath flown.  
Thus have the greatest past. Thine azure air  
Still echoes to their song, but thou alone art there.

Thine empires one by one have fall'n, and now  
The last is crumbling in decay—yes, she,  
The coronet upon thy frown'd brow,  
The mistress of the world, the queen of thee,  
The paradise of earth, sweet Italy;  
Strip'd of her queenly robes in dust she lies,  
Enchained by slaves nor struggling to be free.  
There hath she fallen, as the dolphin dies,  
More brightly beautiful in her last agonies.

But though thy shores are sepulchres that time  
Hath peopled with dead empires, though they are  
But shattered wrecks, and every other clime  
Hath sprung from their decay; yet Nature there  
Hath made their pall of beauty—sadly fair.  
And they shall be, while thy blue waves shall foam,  
The Mecca of the world—the altar where  
Science, Devotion, Genius, Art shall come,  
And feel as Moslems feel above their Prophet's tomb.

And thou, unchanging flood, that wander'st on  
Through that dark path of ruin and decay,  
Still must thou roll untended and alone.  
Men shall arise, and shine, and pass away,  
Like the bright bubbles of thy glittering spray;  
And thrones shall totter, kingdoms be laid waste—  
Yes, empires rise and fall along thy way,  
Like the dark heavings of thy troubled breast;  
But thou shalt still roll on—for thee there is no rest.

Anne Charlotte Lynch.

From the Knickerbocker.

## THE PORTRAIT.

"Non est bonum, esse hominem solum."

It was, in truth, a most beautiful painting,—  
a female head,—perfectly Grecian. She might  
have been the Sybil, when Apollo first beheld  
her. But I cannot describe a face: I never  
could examine beauty analytically, as you  
would a mineral or a piece of exquisite mosaic.  
I can only say, that I saw and felt that it was  
very, very lovely.

My poor friend Fletcher was in an ecstasy.  
"Look at those eyes and those lips," said he.  
"Now I never kissed a girl in my life; but if  
I could but see a pair of lips like those, with  
blood in them!—You know I am a sworn old  
bachelor, Moses,—but— Do you really  
suppose it is from nature? Let us see that  
catalogue;—No. 73—here it is, No. 73—'Miss  
Ellen Vincent.' 'Tis a pretty name, is it not?  
You remember the painter of Greece, who as-

embled all the loveliness of Agrigentum before his easel, and then, transferring to his canvas the most perfect feature of each,—the flashing eye of one, the tempting lip of another, and the sweet dimples of a third,—produced a model of excellence which Venus herself might have envied. Had that same painter lived at this day, he would have been spared his trouble. But, hyperbole apart, did you really ever see so beautiful a face?"

"Oh yes," I answered, "a thousand times."

"Name her, then."

I hesitated. In truth I could not: I was compelled to yield. We pursued our respective ways home—for the dinner hour had arrived, and I had no idea of sacrificing the substantial enjoyment of a brace of wild ducks to the more refined, perhaps, but to my sordid taste, less congenial one, of gazing at a lovely face.

My reflections concerning my infatuated friend were sombre enough, as I pursued my homeward walk. I was bound to him by ties stronger than those which unite ordinary friends. We were the only old bachelors in the neighborhood, and had together maintained the brunt of many a wordy contest in defence of our celibacy. I had long regarded him as a firm member of our honorable, but persecuted fraternity. He had withstood every trial—he had overcome every temptation. It was only a week before, that he assured me no lady had ever made an impression on his heart which lasted two hours after he had left her presence. Julius, Amelias, Sarahs, Marias—all had attacked him, and all in vain? and yet, after all this—after having sustained every contest, and having come off victorious in every encounter—after having passed unscathed through the furnace, seven times heated—to fall in love with a picture—a piece of canvas, daubed over with paint and oil—a thing that any school-boy might spoil with his inkstand! It was too much. It was like a noble ship, which, having crossed the ocean, through storm and through tempest, and having triumphantly braved a thousand dangers of the sea, should be wrecked within sight of her intended haven, and upon an insignificant shoal, which had not been considered of sufficient importance even to be avoided.

When, the next morning, I dropped in upon my friend, I found him still raving about the portrait. I remonstrated—I attempted to reason with him. Alas, how little had reason to do with his malady or his disposition! I reminded him of the many illustrious men who had been proud to enrol their names on the unyielding record of celibacy—St. Paul, New-

ton, and a hundred other names of authority. Swift, too, I named, who, although he married, was ashamed to confess it. It was all in vain. I tried ridicule—but he was unmoved. I told him of the certainty with which matrimony was followed by family quarrels, and petticoat government. It was void, and of none effect. I told him that poor Thompson had not dared to stay out after eleven, since he had been married—that Mr. Smith, by his own confession, had received more than a dozen curtain lectures; and the *honey moon* was not yet over—Heaven preserve the poor fellow when he comes to that of gall and wormwood! I told him that Brown had filed a bill of divorce—that Mrs. Johnson had eloped with her own coachman—that Mrs. Wilkins had been blessed with twins—and that Mrs. Williams had named her *thirteenth* son Timothy. All was unavailing. Fletcher was crazy,—more: he was in love,—a thousand times worse—for there are plenty of lunatic asylums; but—alack for the boasted philanthropy of the age—who ever heard of a *Love Asylum*? How much time, and how much money, have been devoted to ameliorating the condition of those who are bereft of reason; and yet nothing has been done for the victims of the tender passion—as if a man's brains were of more importance than his heart. Who knows but an effect highly beneficial to those unfortunate beings might not be wrought by means of solitary confinement, with low diet and moral instruction? It is wonderful, that the subject has not engaged the attention of any of those numerous societies formed by the gentler sex, for the purpose of advancing every possible good which exists, or which does not exist; and for removing every possible evil with which any portion of the world, savage or civilized,—heard of or unheard of,—is, or ever will be, afflicted.

I have digressed. Had almost any other calamity befallen my friend, there could have been some remedy. Had he broken a limb, it might have been mended. A broken bone will knit together in nine days. Had he cracked his skull, it might have been "fixed" by trepaning. But Fletcher was in that "peculiar situation" for which there was no present remedy. He was "out of humanity's reach."

But there was one consolation. He was entranced only with a portrait. This was far different from falling in love with a little witch of flesh and blood. The portrait could not talk. There was a difference, surely. It could not take his arm of a moonlight evening,

and walk out of every body's hearing. It could not receive long letters, and write longer answers. In a word, it could "neither marry, nor be given in marriage." I had forgotten, all this while, that there was an original to that portrait. Fletcher had not.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some months passed away, and my friend was as crazy as ever. Time, indeed, seemed rather to increase than to heal his malady. One day he entered my room in great haste. "I am going," said he, "to Philadelphia, immediately, and have come for you to go with me."

"Why, in the name of common sense, are you going to Philadelphia?" I asked.

"I have just heard that Miss Ellen Vincent is there I know the street and the number. There can be no mistake."

"And so you intend to call upon her, with no other introduction than your own impudence? Fletcher, this is worse than I should have expected, even from you. I warn you now—as you regard your——"

"Oh, you need not go on; I anticipate what you intend to say. I have heard it so often that I have it all by heart. Besides, I have made up my mind upon the subject. The boat leaves at three. We have no time to lose. Just send down your valise, and I will hear it all when we are on board, though it be for the hundredth time. I will, upon my word—I will, and I will not get asleep, as I did the last time, but will bear it with all possible patience. And then if you convince me, Moses—and you know you will—I will persuade the captain to put the steamer about, and we will return."

Finding that nothing could restrain him, I consented to bear him company, in the hope that my guardian care might prove, in some way, beneficial.

When we arrived at the "City of Squares," Fletcher's first visit was to a friend, who fortunately—or rather unfortunately—knew the lady of whom he was in such impatient quest. He promised an introduction, and my companion returned to his hotel, and passed the remainder of the day in dressing. It was the first time I had ever seen him *neat*—this love works sad changes in a man's character—and he was really a fine looking fellow. At the appointed time his friend arrived, and they departed together. I was reading a very interesting work on partial insanity and mental hallucination, when I was interrupted by Fletcher's well-known step. I heard him, as he ascended the stair, give orders to be awakened at six.

"What is the matter now?" I inquired, as he entered.

"Why, it's all up! Would you believe it? Miss Vincent went to Baltimore this very morning. But the boat starts at seven. You will go, of course?"

Here was a quandary. I certainly was unwilling to leave the victim to the guidance of his own recklessness. He might be off in a tangent from Baltimore to Havre or Liverpool, or the North Pole. Still I could not but reflect upon the effect which such a circumstance might have on my own character. I called to mind the fable of poor Tray—I remembered that a man's reputation often depends greatly upon his associates. And what would the club say—what would every body say—when it should become known that Moses Morpheus was off on a wild goose chase after a pretty girl? The consideration was overwhelming. I refused—Fletcher persisted—and finally my regard for him overcame the fear of danger to my own reputation. I consented to go, upon condition that we should return in three days at farthest. This I insisted upon, not with the remotest hope of its fulfilment, but merely as an excuse to my own conscience. For the first time in his life, Fletcher was up before the sun. He was on board the boat before the captain, and a full hour before she started. A faint curl of smoke was rolling from the white pipes into the clear morning air. In due time we arrived. We had scarcely entered our hotel, when my companion deserted me. In a few hours he returned with a most joyful countenance.

"I have caught her at last," he exclaimed, as he entered; "she is *here*." Here he compressed his lips with exultation. "She is soon to give a ball on her birth-day. I have seen our friend Smith, and he has promised to obtain an invitation for each of us."

"Indeed!" said I: "you are kind. At whose request, pray, did you solicit an invitation for me?"

"Oh, I supposed you would like to go, of course. But *nimporte*: I will take no denial."

The next morning notes of invitation were sent to each of us.

"I wonder if the mail is in," said I.

"I wonder if there will be a large assembly," was the response.

"What a gloomy day," continued I, scratching my name in the vapor which I had breathed upon the window.

"What beautiful writing," observed my friend—"just look at it."

"Beautiful! I can't read it for the life of me. What word is that?"

"Nonsense! you have got the wrong paper. I mean the rose-colored. Do you suppose a lady writes invitations on fools-cap?"

My friend had become learned in the "manners and customs" of the ladies.

"You have improved wonderfully," said I, "since last summer. When your sister sent to you for a pair of gloves, you purchased for her, you may remember, a pair of buck-skins, large enough for any two-fisted stage-driver in the city."

"Well, I will teach you all that I have learned. Shall we commence our first lesson? You have endeavored to invest me with prudence and discretion, many a time. I will now act the tutor. Heaven grant me better success."

"I am obliged, certainly—but as your new science will be of little practical utility, you will excuse me."

"Well,—do as you will; all I can hope, is, that you may, on some happy day, fall in love yourself."

"You could hardly have wished me a more severe punishment. But when I do become enamoured, it shall not be with a portrait. I think I can say that."

"And I hope to convince you, to-morrow evening, that I, too, can love something besides a portrait. You remember when, in the gallery, you termed Miss Vincent 'some pretty milliner or dashing servant girl.' I hope you are now convinced of my superior taste in such matters."

"I never disputed it, or envied it either: 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'"

The expected evening arrived. Accompanied by our friend, we departed for the residence of the fair incognito. The street was crowded with carriages, and we did not reach the door without some difficulty. The rooms were brilliant with the splendors of art, and dazzling with the loveliness of nature. Nothing was wanting in luxury or in elegance.—Fletcher hastened on, until he reached the room where our hostess was standing. A small circle was in the middle, and several of the guests advanced to it. After a few minutes they retired. The lady of the house was manifestly there."

"Where is she?" asked Fletcher, eagerly.

"That lady in the very centre of the circle," answered our friend; "she with the cap."

"She dresses plainly, however, considering the occasion. What a little fairy hand, and

how nicely that white glove is fitted to it. I wish she would turn this way."

The lady *did* turn. My wonder-stricken companion danced about, as if he had been stung by a Tarantula. The blood rushed to his face. He muttered an unintelligible exclamation, and hastened from the room as speedily as the dense crowd would permit. He seized the first hat he encountered, and in a few minutes was at his hotel.

"Birth-day!" said some one in my hearing—"how old is she?"

"Fifty-seven!"

I did not laugh. I did not shout. I rejoiced; but it was with no common common joy. I felt assured that after this folly, Fletcher would become a sound old bachelor—a faithful member of our club—and a useful one of society. When I entered his apartment, he was busily engaged in packing his trunk. How chop-fallen! I addressed to him words of consolation. I flattered myself, that at that favorable epoch, remarks of due solemnity, upon matrimony and celibacy matters, would sink deeply into his heart, and be productive of beneficial consequences.

"It is very like you," said Fletcher to his lovely wife, as they stood looking at her portrait, which which had been transferred from an old bachelor's hall to an elegant parlor; "and how much I am indebted to it! Believe me, Ellen I shall always patronize the fine arts."

"And birth-day balls too?" asked his wife, with an arch leer.

"No—pardon me; I detest them—and if I ever attend another —"

"You will not mistake my old aunt for me?"

The world is full of changes. Politicians are not the only turn-coats. I have, myself, a new set of opinions. And I care no more for croakers, than did "Benedict the married man."

M.

ADVICE TO DAUGHTERS.—The Count de Grammont had two daughters; one fat, and the other lean. The countess, his wife, begged him to write to them, and pressed him so much, that yielding to her importunity, he took the pen and wrote to the first, "My daughter, get lean;" and to the other, "My daughter, get fat;" and no more. The countess, seeing him seal his letters, was surprised that he had so soon done; but the count said "They have only to follow the advice I now send them to do well."



## The Star Spangled Banner

BY C. W. D'OLEY.

Fling forth that proud Banner! whose glorious light,  
Triumphantly shines o'er every ocean and sea,  
Its stars will blaze brighter, as darker the night  
Spreads its gloom o'er the land of the brave and the free.

"Fling forth that proud Banner!"—ah! whence was  
that cry?

As borne on the blast, from the mountains it came,  
And hark! to the summons the valleys reply,  
"Unaltered forever its brightness and fame!"

Flag of my country! thou standard of glory!

When menaced by traitors, thy honor to save,  
We welcome the field, though so dreadful and gory,  
Ay! welcome the combat, and welcome the grave.

Think of the blood which your fathers have shed—

Think of the blood which that Banner has cost:  
Then swear by their tombs and the fields where they  
bled,

Not a star shall be dimmed, not a tear shall be lost.

When to battle aroused by the shrill trumpet's sound  
And the shouting of thousands come thundering afar,  
When furious steeds with their charge shake the ground,  
Midst the rage of the fight and the storm of the war,

Oh look on that Banner! its sight will inspire

Your souls to high deeds of heroic renown—

Oh look on that Banner! enveloped with fire,  
And remember the Flag is your country's—your own!

Like a Condor, alarmed for the fate of her young,

From the cliffs of the Andes she darts through the air,  
The clouds by her pinions all backward are flung,  
To the spoilers her screams bring affright and despair.

Ye souls of the hills, from your mountains descend

In a whirlwind of flame, like your fathers of yore

On the foes of the Banner, and swear to defend

Its stripes and its stars until time be no more.

From "The Pasha of Many Tales."

Hudust, the Doubter.—An Oriental Story.

ONE day the Pasha was sitting at his divan, according to his custom, Mustapha by his side, lending his ear to the whispers of divers people who came to him in an attitude of profound respect. Still they were most graciously received, as the purport of their intrusion was to induce the vizier to interest himself in their behalfs when their cause came forward to be heard and decided upon by the Pasha, who in all cases was guided by the whispered opinion of Mustapha. Mustapha was a good-hearted man: he was always grateful, and if any one did him a good turn, he never forgot it. The consequence was, that an intimation that a purse of so many sequins would be laid at his feet if the cause to be heard was decided in the favor of the applicant, invariably interested Mustapha in favor of that party; and Mustapha's opinion was always obtained in by the Pasha, because he had (as supposed

that he had) half of the sequins so obtained. True, the proverb says, "you should be just before you are generous;" but Mustapha's arguments, when he first proposed to the Pasha this method of filling the royal treasury were so excellent that we shall hand them down to posterity.

"In the first place," said Mustapha, "it is evident that in all these causes the plaintiffs and defendants are both Muslims: In the second place, it is impossible to believe a word on either side. In the third place, exercising the best of your judgement, you are just as likely to go wrong as right. In the fourth place, if a man happens to be wronged by our decision, he deserves it as a punishment for his other misdeeds. In the fifth place, as the only respectability existing in either party consists in their worldly wealth, by deciding for him who gives most, you decide for the most respectable man. In the sixth place, it is our duty to be grateful for good done to us, and in so deciding, we exercise a virtue strongly inculcated by the Koran. In the seventh place, we benefit both parties by deciding quickly, as a loss is better than a lawsuit. And in the eighth and last place, we want money."

On this day a cause was being heard, and, although weighty reasons had already decided the verdict, still, *pro forma*, the witnesses on both sides were examined; one of these, upon being asked whether he witnessed the proceedings, "That he had no doubt but there is doubt on the subject; but that he doubted whether the doubts were correct."

"Doubt—no doubt—what is all this? do you laugh at our beads?" said Mustapha sternly, who always made a show of justice. "Is it the fact or not?"

"Your Highness, I seldom met a fact, as it is called, without having half a dozen doubts hanging to it," replied the man; "I will not, therefore, make any assertion without the reservation of a doubt."

"Answer me plainly," said the vizier, "or the serashe and blimboo will be busy with you shortly. Did you see the money paid?"

"I believe as much as I can believe any thing in this world, that I did see money paid; but I doubt the sum, and I doubt the metal, and I have also my other doubts. May it please your Highness, I am an unfortunate man, I have been under the influence of doubts from my birth; and it has become a disease which I have no doubt will only end with my existence. I always doubt a fact, unless—"

"What does the case say? What is all this

but Bush is nothing. Let him have a fact."

The Pasha gave the sign—the ferries appeared—the man was thrown, and received fifty blows of the bastinado. The Pasha then commanded them to desist. "Now, by our beard, is it not a fact that you have received the bastinado? If you still doubt the fact we will proceed!"

"The fact is beyond a doubt," replied the man, prostrating himself. "But excuse me, your sublime Highness, if I do continue to assert that I cannot always acknowledge a fact, without such undeniable proofs as your wisdom has been pleased to bring forward. If your Highness was to hear the history of my life, you will then allow that I have cause to doubt."

"History of his life! Mustapha, we shall have a story."

"Another fifty blows on his feet would remove all his doubts, your Highness," replied Mustapha.

"Yes: but then he will be beaten out of his story. No, no; let him be taken away till evening, and then we shall see how he will make out his case."

Mustapha gave directions in obedience to the wish of the Pasha. In the evening, as soon as they had lighted their pipes, the man was ordered in, and in consideration of his swelled feet, was permitted to sit down, that he might be more at ease when he narrated his story, which was as follows:

Most sublime Pasha, allow me first to observe, that although I have latterly adhered to my opinions, I am not so intolerant as not to permit the same license in others: I do not mean to say that there are not such things as facts in the world, nor to find fault with those who believe them. I am told that there are also such things as flying dragons, griffins, and other wondrous animals, but surely it is quite sufficient for me, or any one else, to believe that these animals exist, when it may have been our fortune to see them; in the same manner I am willing to believe in a fact, when it is cleared up from the mists of doubt; but up to the present, I can safely say that I have seldom fallen in with a fact, unaccompanied by doubts, and every year adds to my belief that there are few genuine facts in existence. So interwoven in my frame is doubt, that I sometimes am unwilling to admit as a fact that I exist. I believe it to be the case, but I feel that I have no right to assert it, until I know what death is, and may from thence draw an inference, which may lead to a just conclusion.

My name is Hudem. Of my growth I can say little. My father asserted that he was the bravest janissary in the sultan's employ, and had greatly distinguished himself. He was always talking of Rostam, as being a fact compared to him; of the number of battles he had fought, and of the wounds which he had received in losing his corps on all dangerous occasions; but as my father often talked before me, and the only wound I could ever perceive was in his back, when he spoke of his bravery I very much doubted the fact.

My mother fondled and made much of me, declared that I was the image of my father, a sweet pledge of their affections, a blessing sent by heaven upon their marriage; but as my father's nose was aquiline, and mine is a snub, or aquiline reversed; his mouth large, and mine small; his eyes red and ferrety, and mine projecting; and, moreover, as she was a very handsome woman and used to pay frequent visits to the cave of a sainted man in high repute, of whom I was the image, when she talked of his paternity I very much doubted the fact.

An old mollah taught me to read and write, and repeat the verses of the Koran—and I was as much advanced as any boy under his charge—but he disliked me very much for reasons which I never could understand, and was eternally giving me the slipper. He declared that I was a reprobate, an unbeliever, a son of Jehanum, who would be impaled before I was much older; but here I am without a stake through my body at the age of twenty-five; and your highness must acknowledge that when he rallied all this in my ears, I was justified in very much doubting the fact.

When I was grown up, my father wanted me to enrol myself in the corps of janissaries, and become a lion-killer like himself; I remonstrated, but in vain; he applied, and I was accepted, and received the mark on my arm, which constituted me a janissary. I put on the dress, swaggered and bullied with many other young men of my acquaintance, who were all ready, as they swore, to eat their enemies alive, and who curled their mustachios to prove the truth of what they said. We were dispatched to quell a rebellious Pasha—we bore down upon his troops with a shout, enough to frighten the devil, but the devil a bit were they frightened, they stood their ground; and as they would not run, we did, leaving those who were not so wise to be cut to pieces. After this, when any of my companions talked of their bravery, or my

father declared that he should be soon promoted to the rank of a Spahi, and that I was a lion's whelp. I very much doubted the fact.

The Pasha held out much longer than was at first anticipated; indeed, so long as to cause no little degree of anxiety in the capital.—More troops were dispatched to subdue him; and anxious not attending our efforts, the vicer, according to the custom, was under the disagreeable necessity of paring with his head which was demanded because we turned tail. Indeed, it was to oblige us, that the sultan consented to deprive himself of the services of a very able man; for we surrounded the palace, and insisted that it was his fault, but, considering our behavior in the field of battle, your Highness must admit that there was reason to doubt the fact.

We were again dispatched against this rebellious Pasha, who sat upon the parapets of his strong hold, paying down thirty sequins for the head of every janissary brought to him by his own troops, and I am afraid a great deal of money was spent in that way. We fell into an ambuscade, and one half the corps to which my father belonged was cut to pieces, before we could receive any assistance. At last the enemy retired. I looked for my father, and found him expiring; as before, he had received a wound on the wrong side, a spear having transixed him between the shoulders. "Tell how I died like a brave man," said he, "and tell your mother that I am gone to paradise." From an intimate knowledge of my honored father's character in the qualities of thief, liar, and coward, although I promised to deliver the message, I very much doubted these facts.

That your Highness may understand how it was that I happened to be left alone and alive on the field of battle, I must inform you, that I inherited a portion of my father's courageous temper, and not much liking the snapping of the pistol in my face, I had thrown myself down on the ground, and had remained there very quietly, preferring to be trampled on, rather than interfere with what was going on above.

"By the sword of the Prophet, there is one fact—you were a very great coward," observed the Pasha.

"Among my other doubts, your Highness, I certainly have some doubts as to my bravery."

"By the beard of the Pasha, I have no doubts on the subject," observed Mustapha.

"Without attempting to defend my courage, may I observe to your Highness, that it

was a matter of perfect indifference to me whether the Sultan or the Pasha was victorious; and I did not much advise tried blows, without having any opportunity of putting a few sequins in my pocket. I never knew of any man, however brave he might be, who fought for love of fighting, or amusement; we all are trying in this world to get money; and that is, I believe, the secret spring of all our actions."

"Is that true, Mustapha?" inquired the Pasha.

"May it please your sublime Highness, if not the truth, it is not very far from it. Proceed, Hodusi."

The ideas which I have ventured to express before your sublime Highness, were running in my mind, as I sat down among the dead and dying, and I thought how much better off were the Pasha's soldiers than those of the sublime Sultan, who had nothing but hard blows, while the Pasha's soldiers received thirty sequins for the head of every one of our corps of Janissaries; and one idea breeding another, I reflected that I would be very prudent, now that the Pasha appeared to be on the right side. Having made up my mind upon this point, it then occurred to me, that I might as well get a few sequins by the exchange, and make my appearance before the Pasha, with one or two of the heads of the janissaries, who were lying dead close to me. I therefore divested myself of whatever might give the idea of my belonging to the corps, took off the heads and rifled the pockets of three janissaries, and was about to depart, when I thought of my honored father, and turned back to take a last farewell. It was cruel to part with a parent, and I could not make up my mind to part with him altogether, so I added his head, and the contents of his sash, to those of the other three, and smearing my face and person with blood, with my scimitar in my hand, and the four heads tied up in a bundle, made my way to the Pasha's stronghold; but the skirmishing was still going on outside the walls, and I narrowly escaped a corps of janissaries, who would have recognized me. As it was, two of them followed me as I made for the gate of the fortress; and, encumbered as I was, I was forced to stand at bay. No man fights better, and even a man who otherwise would not fight at all, will fight well when he can't help it. I never was so brave in my life. I cut down one, and the other ran away, and this in the presence of the Pasha, who was seated on the embrasure at the top of the wall; and thus I gained my entrance into the fort. I hastened to the



Pasha's presence, and laid at his feet the four hands. The Pasha was so well pleased at my extraordinary valor, that he threw me a purse of five hundred pieces of gold, and ordered me to be promoted, asking me to what division of his troops I belonged. I replied that I was a volunteer. I was made an officer, and thus did I find myself a rich man and a man of consequence by merely changing sides.

"That's not quite so uncommon a method of getting a long in the world as you may imagine," observed Mustapha, drily.

I have heard it observed, continued Hudusi, that the sudden possession of gold will make a brave man cautious, and he who is not brave, still more dastardly than he was before. It certainly was the case with me; my five hundred pieces of gold had such an effect, that every thing in the shape of valor oozed out at my finger's ends. I reflected again, and the result was that I determined to have nothing more to do with the business, and that neither the Sultan nor the Pasha should be the better for my exertions. That night we made a sally, and as I was considered a prodigy of valor, I was one of those who were ordered to lead on my troop. I curled my mustachios, swore I would not leave a janissary alive, flourished my scimitar, marched out at the head of my troop, and then took too my heels, and in two days arrived safely in my mother's house.—As soon as I entered I tore my turban, and threw dust upon my head in honor of my father's memory, and then sat down. My mother embraced me—we were alone.

"And your father? Is it for whom we are to mourn?"

"Yes," replied I, "He was a lion, and he is in paradise."

My mother commenced a bitter lamentation; but of a sudden, recollecting herself, she said, "But Hudusi, it's no use tearing one's hair and good clothes for nothing. Are you sure that your father is dead?"

"Quite sure," replied I. "I saw him down."

"He may only be wounded," replied my mother.

"Not so, my dearest mother, abandon all hope, for I saw his head off."

"Are you sure it was his body that you saw with the head off?"

"Quite sure, dear mother, for I was a witness to its being cut off."

"If that is the case?" replied my mother, "he never can come back again, that's clear. Allah acbar—God is great. Then must we mourn." And my mother ran into the street

before the door, shrieking and screaming, tearing her hair and her garments so as to draw the attention and the sympathy of all her neighbors, who asked her what was the matter?

"Ah! Wahi, the head of my house is no more," cried she, "my heart is all bitterness—my soul is dried up—my liver is but as water; ah! wahi, ah! wahi," and she continued to weep and tear her hair, refusing all consolation.—The neighbors came to her assistance; they talked to her, they reasoned with her, restrained her violence, and soothed her into quietness. They all declared it was a heavy loss, that that a true believer had gone to paradise; and they all agreed that no woman's conduct could be more exemplary, that no woman was ever more fond of her husband. I said nothing, but I must acknowledge that, from her previous conversation with me, and the quantity of pilau which she devoured that evening for her supper, I *very much* doubted the fact.

I did not remain long at home, as, although it was my duty to acquaint my mother with my father's death, it was also my duty to appear to return to my corps. This I had resolved never more to do. I reflected that a life of quiet and ease was best suited to my disposition, and I resolved to join some religious sect. Before I quitted my mother's roof, I gave her thirty sequins, which she was most thankful for, as she was in straitened circumstances. "Ah!" cried she, as she wrapped up the money carefully in a piece of rag, "if you could only have brought back your poor father's head, Hudusi!" I might have told her that she had just received what I had sold it for—but I thought it just as well to say nothing about it—so I embraced her and departed.

There was a sect of dervishes, who had taken up their quarters about seven miles from the village where my mother resided, and as they never remained long in one place, I hastened to join them. On my arrival, I requested to speak with their chief, and imagining that I was come with a request for prayers to be offered up on behalf of some wished-for object, I was admitted.

"Khodja shefa midehed—God give her relief," said the old man. "What wishest thou, my son? Khosh amedeed—you are welcome."

I stated my wish to enter into the sect, from a religious feeling, and requested that I might be permitted.

"Thou knowest not what thou askest, my son. Ours is a hard life, one of penitence, prostration, and prayer—our food is but of herbs and the water of the spring; our rest is



broken, and we know not where to lay our head. Depart—Yaha Bibi, my friend depart in peace.”

“But, father,” replied I, (for to tell your Highness the truth, notwithstanding the old man’s assertions, as to their austerities of life, I very much doubted the fact,) “I am prepared for all this, if necessary, and even more. I have brought my little wealth to add to the store, and contribute to the welfare of your holy band; and I must not be denied.” I perceived that the old man’s eyes twinkled at the bare mention of gold, and I drew from my sash five-and-twenty sequins, which I had separated from my hoard, with the intention of offering it. “See, holy father,” continued I, “the offering which I would make.”

“Barik Allah—praise be to God,” exclaimed the dervish, “that he hath sent us a true believer. Thy offering is accepted; but thou must not expect yet to enter into the austerities or our holy order. I have many disciples here who wear the dress, and yet they are not as regular as good dervishes should be; but there is a time for all things, and when their appetite to do wrong fails them, they will (Inshallah, please God,) in all probability become more holy and devout men. You are accepted.” And the old man held out his hand for the money, which he clutched with eagerness, and hid away under his garment. “Ali,” said he, to one of the dervishes, who had stood at some distance during my audience, “this young man,—what is your name?—Hudusi—is admitted into our fraternity. Take him with thee, give him a dress of the order, and let him be initiated into our mysteries; first demanding of him the oath of secrecy. Murakhas, good Hudusi—you are dismissed.”

I followed the dervish through a narrow passage, until we arrived at a door, at which he knocked; it was opened, and I passed through a court-yard, where I perceived several of the dervishes stretched on the ground in various postures, breathing heavily and insensible.

“These,” said my conductor, “are holy men, who are favored by Allah. They are in a trance, and during that state are visited by the Prophet, and are permitted to enter the eighth heaven, and see the glories prepared for true believers.” I made no reply to his assertion, but as it was evident that they were all in a state of beastly intoxication, I very much doubted the fact.

I received my dress, took an oath of secrecy, and was introduced to my companions; who I

soon found to be a set of dissolute fellows, indulging in every vice, and laughing at every virtue; living in idleness, and by the contributions made to them by the people, who firmly believed in their pretended sanctity. The old man, with the white beard, was their chief, and the only one who did not indulge in debauchery. He had outlived his appetite for the vices of youth, and fallen into the vice of age—a love for money, which was insatiable. I must acknowledge that the company and mode of living were more to my satisfaction than the vigils, hard fare, and constant prayer, with which the old man had threatened me, when I proposed to enter the community, and I soon became an adept in dissimulation and hypocrisy, and a great favorite with my brethren.

I ought to have observed to your sublimity, that the sect of dervishes, of which I had become a member, were then designated by the name of *howling* dervishes; all our religion consisted in howling like jackalls or hyenas, with all our might until we fell down in real or pretended convulsions. My howl was considered as the most appalling and unearthly that was ever heard, and of course my sanctity was increased in proportion. We were on our way to Scutari, where was our real place of residence, and only lodged here and there on our journey to fleece those who were piously disposed. I had not joined more than ten days, when they continued their route, and after a week of very profitable travelling, passed through Constantinople, crossed the Bosphorus, and regained their place of domiciliation, and were received with great joy by the inhabitants, to whom the old chief and many others of our troop were well known.

Your sublime Highness must be aware that the dervishes are not only consulted by, but often become the bankers of the inhabitants, who entrust them with the care of their money. My old chief (whose name I should have mentioned before was Ulu-bibi) held large sums in trust for many of the people with whom he was acquainted; but his avarice inducing him to lend the money out on usury, it was very difficult to recover it when it was desired, although it was always religiously paid back. I had not been many months at Scutari, before I found myself in high favor, from my superior howling and the duration of my convulsions. But during this state, which by habit soon became spasmodic, continuing until the vital functions were almost extinct, the mind was as active as ever, and I lay immersed in a sea of doubt which was most painful. In my

state of exhaustion I doubted every thing, I doubted if my convulsions were convulsions or only feigned; I doubted if I was asleep or awake; I doubted whether I was in a trance, or in another world, or dead, or——"

"Friend Hudusi," interrupted Mustapha, "we want the facts of your story, and not your doubts. Say I not well, your Highness? What is all this but bosh?—nothing!"

"It is well said," replied the Pasha.

"Sometimes I thought that I had seized possession of a fact, but it slipped through my fingers like the tail of an eel."

"Let us have the facts which did not escape thee, friend and let the mists of doubt be cleared away before the glory of the Pasha," replied Mustapha.

One day I was sitting in the warmth of the sun, by the tomb of a true believer, when an old woman accosted me. "You are welcome," said I.

"Is your humour good," said she.

"It is good," replied I.

She sat down by me, and after a quarter of an hour she continued. "God is great," said she.

"And Mahomet is his prophet," replied I.

"In the name of Allah, what do you wish?"

"Where is the holy man? I have money to give into his charge. May I not see him?"

"He is at his devotions—but what is that? Am not I the same? Do I not watch when he prayeth—Inshallah—please God, we are the same. Give me the bag."

"Here it is," said she, pulling out the money—seven hundred sequins, my daughter's marriage portion; but there are bad men, who steal, and there are good men, whom we can trust. Say I not well?"

"It is well said," replied I, "and God is great."

"You will find the money right," said she. "Count it."

I counted it, and returned it into the goat's-skin-bag. "It is all right. Leave me, woman, for I must go in."

The old woman left me, returning thanks to Allah that her money was safe, but from certain ideas running in my mind, I very much doubted the fact. I sat down full of doubt. I doubted if the old woman had come honestly by the money; and whether I should give it to the head dervish. I doubted whether I ought to retain it for myself, and whether I might not come to mischief. I also had my doubts——

"I have no doubt," interrupted Mustapha,

"but that you kept it for yourself. Say—is it not so?"

Even so did my doubts resolve into that fact. I settled it in my mind, that seven hundred sequins, added to about four hundred still in my possession, would last some time, and that I was tired of the life of a howling dervish. I therefore set up one last long final howl, to let my senior know that I was present, and then immediately became absent. I hastened to the bazaar, and purchasing here and there—at one place a vest, at another a shawl, and at another a turban; I threw off my dress of a dervish, hastened to the bath, and after few minutes under the barber, came out like a butterfly from its dark shell. No one would have recognized in the spruce young Turk, the filthy dervish. I hastened to Constantinople, where I lived gaily, and spent my money; but I found that to mix in the world, it is necessary not only to have an attaghan, but also to have the courage to use it; and in several broils which took place, from my too frequent use of the water of the Ghisour, I invariably proved, that although my voice was that of a lion, my heart was but as water, and the finger of contempt was but too often pointed at the beard of pretence. One evening as I was escaping from a coffee-house, after having drawn my attaghan, without having the courage to face my adversary, I received a blow from his weapon which cleft my turban, and cut deeply into my head. I flew through the streets upon the wings of fear, and at last run against an unknown object, which I knocked down, and then fell along side of, rolling with it in the mud. I recovered myself, and looking at it, found it to be alive, and, in the excess of my alarm, I imagined it to be the Shitan himself; but if not the devil himself, it was one of the sons of Shitan, for it was an unbeliever, a ghiaour, a dog to spit upon; in short, it was a Frank Hakim—so renowned for curing all diseases, that it was said he assisted the devil.

"Lahnet be shitan! Curse on the devil!" said Mustapha, taking his pipe out of his mouth and spitting.

"Wallah Thaib! It is well said," replied the Pasha.

I was so convinced that it was nothing of this world, that as soon as I could recover my legs, I made a blow at him with my attaghan, fully expecting that he would disappear in a flame of fire at the touch of a true believer; but on the contrary, he had also recovered his legs, and with a large cane with a gold top on it, he parried my cut, and then saluted me

with such a blow on my head, that I again fell down in the mud, quite insensible. When I recovered I found myself on a mat in an out-house, and attended by my opponent, who was plastering up my head. "It is nothing," said he, as he bound up my head; but I suffered so much pain, and felt so weak with loss of blood, that in spite of his assertions, I very much doubted the fact. Shall I describe this son of Jehanum. And when I do so, will not your highness doubt the fact? Be chesem, upon my head be it, if I lie. He was less than a man, for he had no beard. He had no turban, but a piece of net work, covered with the hair of other men in their tombs, which he sprinkled with the flour from the bakers, every morning to feed his brain. He wore around his neck a piece of linen, tight as a bow-string, to prevent his head being taken off by any devout true believer, as he walked through the street. His dress was of the color of hell, black, and bound closely to his body, yet must he have been a great man in his own country, for he was evidently a Pasha of two tails which were hanging behind him. He was a dreadful man to look upon, and feared nothing; he walked into the house of pestilence—he handled those whom Allah had visited with the plague—he went to the bed, and the sick rose and walked. He waded with destiny; and no man could say what was his fate until the Hakim had decided.—He held in his hand the key of the portal, which opened into the regions of death: and—what can I say more? he said live, and the believer lived; he said die, and the houris received him into paradise.

"A yesedi! a worshiper of the devil!" exclaimed Mustapha.

"May he and his father's grave be eternally defiled!" responded the Pasha.

I remained a fortnight under the Hakim's hands before I was well enough to walk about; and when I had reflected, I doubted whether it would not be wiser to embrace a more peaceful profession. The Hakim spoke our language well, and one day said to me, "Thou art more fit to cure, than to give wounds. Thou shalt assist me, for he who is now with me will not remain." I consented, and putting on a more peaceful garb, continued many months with the Frank physician, travelling every where, but seldom remaining long in one place; he followed disease instead of flying from it, and I had my doubts whether, from constant attendance upon the dying, I might not die myself, and I resolved to quit him the first favorable opportunity. I

had already learnt many wonderful things from him; that blood was necessary to life, and that without breath a man would die, and that white powders cured fevers, and black drops stopped the dysentery. At last we arrived in this town, and the other day as I was pounding the drug of reflection in the mortar of patience, the physician desired me to bring his lancets and to follow him. I paced through the streets behind the learned Hakim, until we arrived at a mean house, in an obscure quarter of this grand city, over which your highness reigns in justice. An old woman, full of lamentation, led us to the sick couch, where lay a creature, beautiful in shape as a houri. The Frank physician was desired by the old woman to feel her pulse through the curtain, but he laughed at her heard, (for she had no small one,) and drew aside the curtains, and took hold of a hand so small and so delicate, that it were only fit to feed the prophet himself near the throne of the angel Gabriel, with the immortal pilau prepared for true believers. Her face was covered, and the Frank desired the veil to be removed. The old woman refused, and he turned on his heel to leave her to the assault of death. The old woman's love for her child conquered her religious scruples, and she consented that her daughter should unveil to an unbeliever. I was in ecstasy at her charms, and could have asked her for a wife; but the Frank only asked to see her tongue. Having looked at it, he turned away with as much indifference as if it had been a dying dog. He desired me to bind up her arm, and took away a basin full of her golden blood, and then put a white powder into the hands of the old woman, saying, he would see her again. I held out my hand for the gold, but there was none forthcoming.

"We are poor," cried the old woman, to the Hakim, "but God is great."

"I do not want your money, good woman," replied he; "I will cure your daughter." Then he went to the bed-side and spoke comfort to the sick girl, telling her to be of good courage, and all would be well.

The girl answered in a voice sweeter than a nightingale, that she had but thanks to offer in return, and prayers to the Most High.—"Yes, said the old woman, raising her voice, a scoundrel of a howling dervish robbed me at Scutari of all I had for my subsistence, and of my daughter's portion, seven hundred sequins, in a goat's-skin bag;" and then she began to curse. May the dogs of the city howl at her ugliness! How she did curse! She cursed



my father and mother—she cursed their graves—dirt upon my brother and sisters, and filth upon the whole generation. She gave me up to Jehovah, and to every species of defilement. It was a dreadful thing to hear that old woman curse. I pulled my turban over my eyes, that she might not recognize me, and lifted up my garment to cover my face, that I might not be defiled with the shower of curses which were thrown at me like mud, and sat there watching till the storm was over. Unfortunately in lifting up my garment, I exposed to the view of the old hag the cursed goat's-skin bag, which hung at my girdle, and contained not only her money, but the remainder of my own. "Marhaballah—how wonderful is God!" screamed the old beldame, flying at me like a tigress, and clutching the bag from my girdle. Having secured that, she darted with her ten nails, and scored down my face, which I had so unfortunately covered in the first instance, and so unfortunately uncovered in the second. What shall I say more? The neighbors came in—I was hurried before the Cadi, in company with the old woman and the Frank physician. The money and bag were taken from me—I was dismissed by the Hakim, and after receiving one hundred blows from the ferashes, I was dismissed by the Cadi. It was my fate—and I have told my story. Is you slave dismissed?

"No," replied the Pasha; "by our beard, we must see to this Mustapha; say, Hudusi, what was the decision of the Cadi? Our ears are open."

The Cadi decided as follows:—That I had stolen the money, and therefore I was punished with the bastinado; but as the old woman stated that the bag contained seven hundred sequins, and there were found in it upwards of eleven hundred, that the money could not belong to her. He therefore retained it until he could find the right owner. The physician was fined fifty sequins for looking at a Turkish woman, and fifty more for shrobbing up her shoulders. The girl was ordered into the Cadi's harem, because she had lost her dowry; and the old woman was sent about her business. All present declared that the sentence was wisdom itself; but, for my part, I very much doubted the fact.

"Mustapha," said the Pasha, "send for the Cadi, the Frank physician, the old woman, the girl, and the goat's-skin bag; we must examine into this affair."

The officers were dispatched, and in less than an hour, during which the Pasha and

his vizier smoked in silence, the Cadi with the others made their appearance.

"May your Highness's shadow never be less!" said the Cadi as he entered.

"Mobarek! may you be fortunate!" replied the Pasha. "What is this we hear, Cadi? there is a goat's-skin bag, and a girl, that are not known to our justice. Are there secrets like those hid in the well of Kashan?—speak! What dirt have you been eating?"

"What shall I say?" replied the Cadi: "I am but as dirt; the money is here, and the girl is here. Is the Pasha to be troubled with every woman's noise, or am I to come before him with a piece or two of gold?—Min Allah—God forbid! Have I not here the money, and seven more purses? Was not the girl visited by the angel of death; and could she appear before your presence lean as a dog in the bazaar? Is she not here? Have I spoken well?"

"It is well said, Cadi. Murakas—you are dismissed."

The Frank physician was fined one hundred sequins more; fifty for feeling the pulse, and fifty more for looking at a Turkish woman's tongue. The young woman was dismissed to the Pasha's harem, the old woman to curse as much as she pleased, and Hudusi with permission to doubt any thing but the justice of the Pasha.

#### For the Magnolia.

##### Loneliness.

"The fire that on my bosom preys,  
Is lone as some volcanic Isle;  
No torch is kindled at its blaze—  
A funeral pile!"—Byron.

My heart is sad—my soul is weary,  
All my joys have passed away;  
My thoughts are gloom—my feelings dreary,  
And my hopes! O where are they?  
The sun yet smiles—the earth looks gaily,  
All around is mirth and glee;  
Alone I sigh—there's none who dally—  
Kindly—fondly thinks of me.

I am a stranger—I am lonely,  
Much I feel, but cannot tell  
Those thoughts that in my bosom only  
Safely and securely dwell.  
O could I find a kindred spirit,  
One who loves as I do love  
I—I could not esteem his merit  
Less than seraph's from above.

I have a soul—a soul sincerely  
Worshipping at Beauty's shrine;  
But where is he who loves as dearly—  
Where is he whose heart's as mine?  
I love my race almost to madness,  
No one loves me in return;  
Then ask me not—wherefore this sadness—  
Could a stoic less than mourn?

Hillsdale, Aug. 1834.

INCOG & CO.

## A NOON SCENE.

*A Prize Poem—By W. C. Bryant.*

The quiet August noon is come,  
A slumberous silence fills the sky,  
The fields are still, the woods are dumb,  
In glassy sleep the waters lie.

And mark yon soft white clouds, at rest  
Above our vale, a moveless throng :—  
The castle, on the mountain's breast,  
Enjoy the grateful shadow long.

Oh, how unlike those merry hours  
In sunny June, when earth laughs out,  
When the fresh winds make love to flowers,  
And woodlands sing and waters shout.

When in the grass sweet voices talk,  
And strains of tiny music swell  
From every moss-cup of the rock,  
From every nameless blossom's bell.

But now, a joy too deep for sound,  
A peace no other season knows,  
Hushes the heavens and wraps the ground—  
The blessing of supreme repose.

Away ! I will not be to-day  
The only slave of toil and care !  
Away from desk and dust !—away !  
I'll be as idle as the air.

Beneath the open sky abroad,  
Among the plants and breathing things,  
The sinless, peaceful works of God,  
I'll share the calm the season brings.

Come, then, in whose soft eyes I see  
The gentle meanings of my heart ;  
One day amid the woods with me—  
From men and all their cares apart.

And where upon the meadow's breast,  
The shadow of the thicket lies,  
The blue wild flowers thou gatherest,  
Shall glow yet deeper near thine eyes.

Come, and when 'mid the calm profound  
I turn those gentle eyes to seek,  
They, like the lovely landscape round,  
Of innocence and peace shall speak.

Rest here—beneath the unmoving shade—  
And on the silent valleys gaze,  
Winding and widening till they fade  
In yon soft ring of summer haze.

The village trees their summits rear  
Still as its spire ; and yonder flock,  
At rest in those calm fields appear  
As chiselled from the lifeless rock,

One tranquil mount the scene o'erlooks—  
There the hushed winds their Sabbath keep ;  
While a near hum, from bees and brook,  
Comes faintly like the breath of sleep.

Well might the gazer deem that when,  
Worn with the struggle and the strife,  
And heart-sick at the wrongs of men,  
The good forsakes the scene of life ;

Like this deep quiet that, a while,  
Lingers the lovely landscape o'er,  
Shall be the peace whose holy smile  
Welcomes him to a happier shore.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

## Ideas about Ideas.

Every age, as well as every man, has a hobby idea. There is a certain stock of enthusiasm and application which both nations and individuals have to bestow upon any abstract subject that falls in their way, over and above what is necessary for the carrying on of their own proper business. Even as a shopkeeper snatches a quarter of an hour in the day from his routine of duties for the consideration of public affairs over a newspaper, so does a nation, besides keeping all its ordinary stated business in motion, devote something of itself to a certain no-matter-what, which it worries, and wrangles upon, and seems to think the most important thing on earth, till behold something else has come in its place, and the flower of to-day becomes the weed of to-morrow. Some thirty years ago, we had galvanism and vaccination ; twenty years since, we had the kaleidoscope. In 1817, there was a good deal of talk about the spots on the sun, and Sir Hudson Lowe. A few years later, nothing was spoken of but the North West Passage, and what was to be expected from Mr. Canning. Next we had Edward Irving and the great commercial embarrassments, and latterly Burke, the cholera, and reform. Throughout all these changes of tune in the public mind, the march of intellect and the distress of the country have gone on in an under-tone, like a continuous base or the drone of a bagpipe ; and still there is not an end of them. Were we to look a little closer, we should find that many other things of less note, have occupied a large share of public attention during the same space of time, and passed on in close and rapid succession. During the reign of the topic, men speak of nothing else, and it might be supposed that they never would speak of any thing else. The newspapers put it into their leading columns, and try to make the most of it. No matter whether it be a thing pregnant with good or evil—a victory (which is only another word for a certain kind of loss), a defeat (which is double loss), a grand discovery in science, the opening of a railway, the making of a new law, or the breaking of an old one. Such as it is, it seems the most consequential affair in the world at the time, and men wonder so much at it, that to see even inanimate nature keep its countenance on the subject, appears to them as not exactly what was to have been expected.

The same phenomenon is observable in confined provincial circles. You happen to drop into some part of the country, and suddenly

and society convulsed with a topic which you never before heard of, and in which you see not the least importance. Perhaps the races are to happen next week, or happened last week. Perhaps a country gentleman has just come of age, or is married, and nothing is thought of but far-barrels for the tops of hills, and beer-barrels for the bottoms of them.—Possibly a lady has just jilted a gentleman, or a gentleman a lady; or Vindex has been lashing *Civis*, either in the local newspaper, or in the actual body on the public street. Whatever be the matter, it is for the time a thing of absorbing and exclusive interest, and you find there is to be no comfort unless you also throw yourself into it. Few people can stand on the brink of a crowd, and keep altogether free from the feeling that animates it. As well think to stand by a fire, and not get warm. Your friends are accordingly surprised, on your return to a metropolitan situation, to find that you are as full of Sir Somebody's marriage, or the controversy on the Kennaquhair police, as if you had never lived any where else than in Kennaquhair all your days.

It is a curious circumstance that almost all men, whatever be their years, are affected more or less, in character and tone, and even in external aspect, by the ideas which were prevalent in the time of their youth. It would appear as if young people entered the world in a soft and plastic state, and, hardening afterwards as they cooled, retained the impressions which had at first been made upon them. The time for taking in ideas, and improving the mind, and extending the views, seems not to extend past forty years at the very utmost, and more generally perhaps to lie within thirty: after that, men close up their shells like oysters, and remain for ever impenetrable. How easy it is to know a man who was twenty about the year 1803! He has still a lingering fondness for the voluminous cambric handkerchief, the broad-cut clothes, and the stocking pantaloons of that period. Stocks, and trim expressive coats, and strapped trousers, have all come in since then; but he would as soon think of flying to the air as of adopting such gear. Quite as ready to be to exhibit all the mental modes of the time in question. Knowledge has been extended, and new maxims have consequently been adopted, since then; morals have also been improved, and more delicacy introduced into both written and spoken discourse; the views and sympathies of the enlightened part of the race have been brightened and diffused as much beyond what they were in 1803, as the Nile in flood is ex-

tended beyond the Nile in its bed. But yet the youth of 1803 is much the same as he was then and for ten or fifteen years later. He has not taken in a single new idea—he has not opened his heart to one new emotion—for at least a dozen years. Every thing that has been thought, and felt, and ascertained during that time, is lost upon him. He had made up his mind then upon every thing; he had packed it, and strapped it, and disposed of it; and he no more can endure to open it for the admission of a new idea, than a carrier who has placed a parcel in the centre of his cart could endure to take off half his load, and undo all the tyings of the said parcel, in order to put in some additional trifle. It is possible to make something of young men. Catch the human being early, and you may knock a few ideas into him. But with old or oldish men the matter is perfectly hopeless. No doubt there are exceptions; but it is the general rule we speak of as every body will perceive. Bring, then, the most barefaced obvious evidence, use the most unanswerable and irrefragable arguments, with old men, and you find it all in vain. The ability to understand is not the question—they *will not* understand. Remember, there is such a thing as not *daring* to be convinced; there is such a thing as *forbidding* one's self to be convinced; there is such a thing as maintaining notions only because they have been and are *ours*, and rejecting others because they are espoused by persons we despise or do not like. The reason is not the ruler of this matter so much as the feelings.—Thus old people are apt to repudiate new ideas merely because they are new. "It may be all very true, but I have never been accustomed to think so. I have lived comfortably all my life with my old ideas, and so I will live still. These newfangled opinions and discoveries—I really don't know about them. I wish they may stand the test as long as the old." And he concludes with a jest about the march of intellect. Then, there is a *juste milieu* in ordinary thinking as well as in other things. Even when disposed to allow the force of certain ideas formerly unknown to us, we are apt to think it very fair if we permit ourselves to concede half. We keep a moiety of the ancient error, from a wish to be quite safe, or from some other timid and senseless motive, and tell the advocate of truth, "Well, well, I allow that much of what you say is true—but—but—you go a great deal too far." The fact is, an old man looks upon one who offers him new ideas as a kind of robber, as one who aims at depriving him of his own real



children, and substituting mere elves or goblins in their place. Aladdin could not have a greater horror for the magician who came offering new lamps for old ones. He would rather at any time have his pocket picked, than be stripped of a fleecy old prejudice, in which he has got thoroughly warm, and which, however opposite to modern fashions, suits as well, as he thinks, to "my time of life."

It is this fixing of ideas in particular intellects, to the exclusion of all subsequent ones, that forms the grand bar to the progress of social improvement. If all the world and love were young, as Marlowe sings, or at least all the world, the advance of the race, in both moral and intellectual greatness, would be a comparatively easy matter. But, unfortunately, we are of a variety of ages, and the men of each decade have their appropriate sets of feelings and notions, which no one will change for any other. Though a burst of light such as never before fell at once from the day-spring of the human mind, were to come upon us at this moment, it would only avail in general with the young men, and not take full effect till all the present young had become old, and all who are now old had retired from the field.

#### Take things coolly.

"You're an infernal scoundrel!" said a fierce looking gentleman the other day, coming up in great wrath to a Yankee who was standing quietly upon the side-walk—"You're an infernal scoundrel, sir."

"That's news to me," returned the Yankee quietly.

"News! you scoundrel—do you call it news!"

"Entirely so."

"You needn't think to carry it off so quietly. I say you are an infernal scoundrel! and I'll prove it."

"I beg you will not. I shouldn't like to be proved a scoundrel."

"No, I dare swear you wouldn't. But answer me directly—did or did you not say in the presence of certain ladies of my acquaintance, that I was a mere—"

"Calf? O no sir; the truth is not to be spoken at all times."

"The truth? Do you presume to call me a calf, sir?"

"O no, I call you nothing."

"It's well that you do; for if you had presumed to call me—"

"A man, I should have been grossly mistaken."

"Do you mean to say that I am not a man, sir?"

"That depends on circumstances."

"What circumstances?"

"If I should be called upon as evidence in a court of justice, I should be bound to speak the truth."

"And you would say I was not a man, hey? Do you see this Cow skin?"

"Yes—and I have seen it with surprise ever since you came up."

"With surprise! Why, did you suppose I was such a coward that I dare not use the article, when I thought it was demanded?"

"Shall I tell you what I thought?"

"Do if you dare."

"I thought to myself, what use has a calf for a cow skin?"

"You distinctly call me a calf then?"

"If you will it, you may."

"You hear, gentlemen," speaking to the by-standers, "you hear the insult. What shall I do with the scoundrel?"

"Dress him! dress him!" exclaimed twenty voices, with shouts and laughter.

"That I'll do at once." Then turning again to the yankee, he cried out fiercely, "come one step this way you rascal, and I'll flog you within an inch of your life."

"I've no occasion."

"You're a coward."

"Not on your word."

"I'll prove it by flogging you out of your skin."

"I doubt it."

"I am a liar, then, am I?"

"Just as you please."

"Do you hear that, gentlemen?"

"Ay!" was the unanimous response.—

"You can't avoid flogging him now."

"Heavens grant me patience; I shall fly out of my skin!"

"It will be much better for your pocket. Calf skins are in good demand."

"I shall burst."

"Not here in the street, I beg of you. It would be quite disgusting."

"Gentlemen, can I longer avoid flogging him!"

"Not if you're able," was the reply. "At him! at him!"

Thus provoked, thus stirred up and encouraged, the fierce gentleman went like lightning at the Yankee. But before he could strike a blow, he found himself disarmed of the cowskin, and lying on his back under the spout of a neighboring pump, whither the Yankee carried him to cool his rage; and before he could recover from his astonishment

at such an unexpected handling, he was as wet as a thrice drowned rat, from the cateracts of water which his antagonists had liberally pumped upon him. His courage by this time, and like that of a valiant Bob Acres, "oozed out at the palms of his hand;" and he declared, as he arose, that he would never trust to quiet appearances again; and the evil might undertake to cow him a cool Yankee for all him.—*New York Transcript.*

#### [Advantages of a Memory.]

It is related of Sir Boyle Roche, that no man of his day enjoyed more esteem, on account of his perfect urbanity and amiable qualities in private life, or excited so much laughter by the oddities of which he was unconsciously guilty in parliament. Of these the following are specimens:—He said, one night during a stormy debate, that it was impossible for a man to be in two places at once; unless he was a bird or a fish! An opposition member having moved, that, for the purpose of illustrating one of his arguments, an enormous mass of official documents should be read, Sir Boyle Roche, with the most profound and unaffected gravity, proposed that, as the clerk at the table would not be able to get through the papers before morning, a dozen or two of the committee-clerks should be called in to his assistance. "The documents may be divided among them," continued Sir Boyle; "and as they can all read together, the whole will be disposed of in a quarter of an hour." His speeches, on important topics, were prepared for him by Mr. Edward Cooke; and, as his memory was particularly retentive, he seldom committed himself, except when he rose to utter an original remark. One night, being unprepared with a speech, and yet feeling a strong inclination to deliver his sentiments, he retired to a coffee-house, in order to mould them into the form of an oration.—While engaged in this fruitless attempt, he was accosted by Sergeant Stapley, a ministerial member, whose custom it was to rise, towards the close of a discussion, and deliver a long harangue, ingeniously compiled from the speeches of those who had addressed the house before him. For this debate, however he was in a situation to speak earlier than usual, having, with great labor, produced an original composition; prior to the delivery of which, he had stepped into the coffee-house, in order to refresh his memory by looking once more through the manuscript. This, unfortunately for himself, he happened to drop

on retiring. Sir Boyle snatched it up; and, after reading it twice or thrice, (so powerful was his memory,) found himself master of the whole. Hastening to the house, he resumed his seat, and delivered the speech with admirable correctness, to the unspeakable mortification of the proprietor who, it appears, had not succeeded in catching the speaker's eye. Meeting Stanley again at the coffee-house, in the course of the night, Sir Boyle returned him his manuscript, with many thanks for what he was pleased to term the loan of it; adding, "I never was so much at a loss for a speech in my life, nor even met with one so pat to my purpose? and, since it is not a pin the worse for wear, you may go in and speak it again yourself, as soon as you please."

**GOING IT STRONG.**—The Philadelphia Gazette gives the following as a specimen of the western in superlative: A Kentucky steamboat captain dilating in a strain of exuberant commendation on the excellence of his craft, says, "She trots off like a horse: all boiler: full of pressure; hard work to hold her in at the wharves and landings. I could run her up a cateract. She draws eight inches of water—goes at three knots a minute—jumps all the snags and sand banks."

**NEGATIVE INNOCENCE.**—"What's the matter, John?"

"I aint done nothing, father."

"Well, what are you crying for then, you lubber?"

"I was afraid you'd whip me."

"What! whip you when you hav'n't done any thing?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Go into the house, you booby."

John went into the house, and his father went down to the farm. Very soon his father came back in a rage, and laying a cowhide on over the urchin's back, said, "did I not tell you when I went away, to hoe that corn?"

"Yes, Sir—but you told me just now that you wouldn't whip me if I hadn't done nothing."

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